

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

BUSINESS TRAINING.

A Practical Education Preferable to Classical Learning.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of listening to a discussion between two gentlemen regarding the training of their sons. One of them was a man of peculiar eccentricities, and the other was a man who did not have many eccentricities or crankisms. Both of them were wealthy, being very successful business men, self-made in every respect. Their views upon the matter of training their boys were widely apart. The first one was a great believer in giving his son a plain, wholesome business education, the other had a deep-seated conviction that his sons should have in every respect a most classical education, and take a professional line for their future vocation. The arguments used by the first in favor of the practical business education were to his minds most valuable and certainly unanswerable. He said that he had built up a large and successful business and that his ambition in life was to have his sons succeed him, and for this reason he would leave no stone unturned in order to equip them for their business career. Latin was regarded as a good thing for men who desired to waste their time in studying the past; a past, he said, that had become utterly useless for any practical purpose. The comfort and happiness of mankind did not depend upon the derivation of the word. The past to him was absolutely useless; indeed, worthless, except for the experience that it gave. While he had a respect for many of the things, persons and historical reminiscences, his great belief was centered in the future. He regarded a man like Stephenson, or a man like Edison, as worth all the Homers that history has produced. They had given to the world something that was a practical benefit, that tended to make the human race happier and better increase the comfort of mankind in general. He was in every respect a practical philosopher without knowing it. We have hardly any necessity to say that his sons proved to be all that he could desire.

There is too much egotism in the parents of the present day. It is an egotism that some may admire, but as a rule it results in considerable mischief being done. It is generally conceded that the majority of successful business men spring from the ranks, and many of these, while being sound on most business transactions, have an ambition that their sons must pursue a different course than follow in their footsteps. The result is that many of the large business houses which have existed for a great length of time gradually get out of the families that have made them new blood having to be imported in order to keep up their reputation and standing.

Business training is quite as necessary for successful business ventures as military and naval training is to make successful generals and successful admirals. We must grant that training alone will make neither of these; there must be some good groundwork and material to work upon. Take the sea captain as an illustration. You could not take a fireman from the hold of the ship and place him in command of one of the large ocean steamers without running a risk that would be condemned and that would cause criminality. Fancy a man who had been used to riding in a street-car for every couple of blocks that he had to go, getting up in the morning just in time to bolt his breakfast and jog to business, entering into a temerarious race in competition with a trained athlete, and you can fancy what a ridiculous exhibition he would make of himself. There is the same relationship in business matters as there is in any of the above illustrations. Business education in many of the higher schools is neglected entirely for the sake of Greek and Latin. We once heard a practical old fogey say that there was more time wasted on dead languages in our colleges than would make a nation wealthy. There is a great deal of truth in what he says, and the time is not far distant when our colleges will be a certain extent remodeled. Indeed, the remodeling is taking place gradually and surely every day, and the sooner our professors take a practical view of the matter the better it will be for the progress and development of the country.—National Grocer.

Effect of Bad Positions.

An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than most people generally imagine. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, always have an influence whether in a sitting, standing or lying position, whether sleeping or working. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach or to one side, with the heels elevated on a level with the hands, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the muscles, presses the internal organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly humped or severely round-shouldered by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow.—Standard.

Love Among the Indians.

A writer in a paper devoted to the interests of women tells in very romantic and pathetic style how the Sioux brave wooed the maiden of his choice. The young lady, he said, spent several days in constructing a reed flute, upon which, without any previous musical instruction, he performs a weird and plaintive melody. Squaws may not have cultivated ears for music, but they are not to be fooled that way. It takes ponies and blankets to capture squaws, and any young brave not provided with sufficient wealth, who goes whistling around the wigwam, would get a well over the scalp lock with papa's calumet.—Texas Sittings.

Miss Photographs.

A singular business announcement over a certain photograph gallery is: "Miss photographs for sale." This, we are told, brings many customers. Mothers, for instance, who have little children, often buy pictures of children with long hair when the hair of their loved ones has not grown and send them round to friends at a distance. Brides' photographs are also said to sell very well.—Chambers' Journal.

A ROMANCE OF TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.
AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLARA,"
"AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE EVIL THAT MEN DO," "A NEW YORK FAMILY," ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"And you don't mind being left alone?" She shrugged her firm and shapely shoulders. "I never care to be alone. But I don't mind if Sylvia leaves me now and then. It isn't that."

Thorn-dyke pretended to appear disinterested. "What are those dreadful revelations? You want other society than Sylvia's?"

She gave him the faintest smile of indifference, as though she ignored this question, or rather as though she chose to put it capriciously aside. "I'm very fond of life," she said, slipping both hands behind her head and clasping them there, so that her back-fallen sleeves evidenced the swelling pearl of her arms, from neat wrist to dimpled elbow. "But life as I long to have it and know it isn't for me. Sylvia cares nothing at all about living, in my sense of the word."

"And pray tell me what is your sense of the word?"

"Oh! to mix with people and enjoy your youth. He doesn't care to do that. Besides, we haven't money enough to do it. He doesn't complain about any fineness of the household, but he lets me spend more dollars than I ought to spend. But we're nobodies—that is, we're nobodies from my point of view."

"And what is being a somebody here in New York—from your point of view?"

"Having lots of money—giving fine entertainments. You're none the wiser, if you don't. It doesn't make the remotest difference who your grandfather was. If you haven't a big bank account you're sent to the wall."

"And you're tired of being sent to the wall?"

Lucia Maynard sighed. "I'm tired of not living."

"And you think that not being fashionable is not living?"

"Oh, no. But I think not knowing certain people—refined, attractive people—is almost like death itself."

Thorn-dyke dropped his head for a moment and pulled at his gray moustache. Well, after all, is death so horrible?

"Death?" she echoed, with a sudden fierceness of mien. "Oh, I think it is frightful! I do so hate the idea of dying! Don't you?" And as she leaned toward him, with the light a near lamp sending out the clear-cut grace and pallor of her neck, throat and chin, it occurred to him that she was extremely beautiful.

Not unnaturally he thought of the sealed manuscript which of late he had delivered to her husband. And then, while remembering this, he also recollected the elixir (that "infernal nonsense" as he had long ago got to call it) which might very probably have formed the pith and point of Egbert Maynard's bequest.

"If you so hate the doom of dying," he said, inwardly stirred by the idea of his own boldness and imprudence, "you might perhaps have read with interest the farewell lines which Sylvia's father left him and which I delivered to him on his twenty-fifth birthday. Or, it may be, your husband did not show you what I gave him. If that is true, then I—"

"Yes, yes," she broke in, with an eagerness that was violence. "He did show me that letter—that singular letter. I—I have been thinking of it ever since. I can't keep my mind from dwelling on it. Did you not consider it a most amazing message?"

"I might judge better," replied Thorn-dyke, "if I could know what it was like."

"Why, didn't you know?" she faltered. "If I thought you were his intimate friend."

"I was—and at one time his very intimate friend. Though he never told me what was inside that envelope, I can guess its contents. He continued speaking for some time and ended with these words: 'Of course it was a wild dream of Egbert Maynard's. Now and then the finest human intellects are beguiled just in this way.' He saw her face fall, and then watched her as she nervously bit her lips. 'You speak from your own experience as a chemist,' she said, and the ring of disappointment in her voice was plain to him as would have been her tears if shed from the troubled glooms of her eyes."

"Afraid of it?"

"Assuredly."

"And why?" queried Thorn-dyke, with a sudden recollection of how his dead friend's dead wife had once made a great deal of herself.

"Why?" Lucia repeated. She made a quick little gesture of exasperation and disgust. "He's a tremendously religious man, this husband of mine. Didn't you know that? Haven't you seen it? I think that from some sacred sense of filial respect he would never destroy those papers. But he's already locked them up somewhere, and regrets that he ever allowed me to gain a glimpse of them."

"You say that he's afraid of them?" asked Thorn-dyke, pierced with memories of Georgiana Maynard's past behavior.

"Yes. They fill him with horror. I don't know if he has any faith in the chemical marvels they suggest. But he remembers that his mother more than once told him of how his father died an infidel."

"Ah!" said her listener, drawing a long breath. He felt as if some specter were in the room, viewless and yet palpable. "I see, Sylvia believes—"

"That there would be something blasphemous about such an achievement," broke in Lucia, "even if it could possibly be made." She rose, and for a moment appeared to listen intently. "That is he now," said she at length, in a quick, low, warning way, and almost immediately Sylvia entered.

The doctor stayed for nearly an hour longer, but during this time there was no resumption of the subject on which his wife and Thorn-dyke had been engaged. "He wishes to let it pass unmentioned from this time forward," the doctor told himself. "Ah! how heretofore speaks here! And what a difference between the brothers! It is so easy to imagine Gerald full of ardor as he tried the truth of what his father had asserted, instead of being browbeaten at the outset by paltry, superstitious fears."

As more days went on, the doctor felt piqued by Sylvia's continued reticence. Not to volunteer one syllable regarding a trust faithfully kept for many years. Such a course was tainted with the disrelish of crude manners, to say nothing of the more severe. By this time Thorn-dyke's term of sojourn in New York had almost drawn to a close. He had found that his investments and general business interests as a property-holder in and near Chicago made it inconvenient if not quite impossible to remain much longer in the East. Besides, he had become fond of the huge town that has sprung up with so much speed if perhaps with an over-great willingness to be a trifle too impressed by itself as a prodigy. He felt actual homesick longings to gaze again on some of those very features of it which long ago, as an immigrant Englishman, he had roundly ridiculed.

He decided that he would make no attempt to break the ice with Sylvia. It was the ice of the young man's own freezing; let it stay rigid if he so willed. Pressing letters came from Chicago, and Thorn-dyke resolved to start at once. Before doing so he said to Sylvia that his brother would soon arrive in New York and that it would of course be better for Gerald to remain there a month or so before going into the West.

"As regards your brother's feelings on the question of practising his new profession here or in Chicago," he continued, "that is a matter which I shall want him wholly to decide for himself. My friend, Dr. Clyde, in East Thirtieth street, will always be his friend and counsellor. Clyde is young, and a trifle too imaginative. I sometimes think for a physician, but he is immensely clever, has won a brilliant reputation as a specialist in nervous diseases, and promises me that he will aid Gerald in every possible way."

Sylvia seemed to reflect for a brief while on the frank and genial sentences just heard. "Thank you very much," he presently said. "You have been so kind to Gerald that I am sure he must appreciate it most gratefully."

"Confound the fellow!" Thorn-dyke said to himself after quitting Sylvia's door-step. "He couldn't give me any answer or more graceful answer than that! I can understand how his legal ability has already made him a lawyer with strong promise of success. Thank fate for the few men in this world who are not born either flint or pulp. I begin to think that character is the one thing we crave in our fellow-mortals, whether he be saintly or devilish."

And then a self-satisfying smile gleamed on Dr. Thorn-dyke's face as he moved onward amid the ugly brown-stone perkiness and "stylishness" of Fifth avenue. "After all," his musings proceeded, "what character have I? If ever there was a being without the vaguest social individuality, such a biped is Rose Thorn-dyke."

No doubt he was right in just the social sense of which he had made mental note. But when all is said, how often more potent as a factor of life is the heart brimming with kindness, the brain full of fraternity, humanitarianism, and sympathy. Those people who are "individual," who have angles in their personality on which description can hang its essays of portraiture, are not by any means always the choicest to know, feel with and for, make friends of and cherish, in the surety of their standing cognate nests. Thorn-dyke light-heartedly denounced him as a coarseness, his place in whatever landscape of life this or that observer might have placed him would have resembled some strong and full-boughed tree which never intrudes itself with the least saliency and yet can be excised from the picture without calamity of record. He left the Maynard household, on taking his journey to Chicago, with thoughts of Sylvia that were hurt though not at all malevolent. He perceived, from certain parting words of Lucia, delivered in aside while her husband was present, that she weighed over on her spirit. "He's more stubborn than ever,"

the young wife had found time swiftly to whisper, and her distressed undertone echoed itself in his ears like a knell tortured into fantastic cries by the train-clangors of his westward trip.

He had indeed left Lucia in a very unhappy frame of mind. The idea of the so-called elixir had taken hold of her imagination with a savage though covert force. Not loving her husband, she had thus far secretly exulted in the possession of a distinct power over him, seldom used, though relied on as a deep reserved fund. His firm refusal that she should again make out the letter and manuscript lately delivered him, had first astonished and then irked her. A coldness grew up between them, each being aware of the other's reason for preserving it. But Lucia was the first to change these mutual conditions. Her dreams were now full of the precious drug concerning which Sylvia chose to maintain so piquing and mystic a silence. Did he believe in its efficacy? Had he acquired some positive knowledge on that head? The very thought almost took Lucia's breath away. Her husband's help would deliver him, she felt, her nerves distressfully tingle. His scruples of a religious kind had not seldom bored her since their marriage; but these affected her with shuddering moods of disgust and chagrin.

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After he had thus spoken she quietly turned him until she stood beside his chair. He at once perceived that she had become extremely quiet again.

Her voice soon gave him further of this. "I show," Thorn-dyke said to himself after quitting Sylvia's door-step. "He couldn't give me any answer or more graceful answer than that! I can understand how his legal ability has already made him a lawyer with strong promise of success. Thank fate for the few men in this world who are not born either flint or pulp. I begin to think that character is the one thing we crave in our fellow-mortals, whether he be saintly or devilish."

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PITH AND POINT.

—A borrower of books is generally a thorough book-keeper. — Baltimore American.

—The love of the man who marries for money is founded upon the rocks. — Pittsburgh Press.

—Women's sweet disposition is always shown by her husband's long hair. — Texas Sittings.

—The counterfeiter is satisfied if he can spend money as fast as he can make it. — Yonkers Statesman.

—He— always have you in my mind. — She— "I don't object. There is no danger of my getting beyond my depth."

—The thermometer is a thing of which everybody has a low estimate when it takes a high stand. — Boston Transcript.

—With some people it is not their own troubles so much as the happiness of their neighbors that disturbs them. — Ram's Horn.

—A turtle is very slow until he is made up into soup. Then we notice he goes pretty fast. — Yonkers Statesman.

—Tommy—What part of speech is "woman?" Papa—"Woman" is no part of speech at all, my son. She is the whole of it. — Judy.

—Clara—"Mr. Bristle, the artist, wants me to stand for him as a model." Maude—"What! He is studying geometry?" — Cloak Review.

—The young man who says "Thank you" when the girl he loves has promised to be his wife ought never to say it in words. — Somerville Journal.

—There is in Florida what the Starke Telegraph calls "a natural born newspaper man." It does not say whether he was born daily or weekly. — Texas Sittings.

—Not In—Collector—"Is Mr. Dett in?" Servant—"No, sir, he is out." Collector—"When will he be in?" Servant (artlessly)—"As soon as you go away." — Yankee Blade.

—He—"You have a beautiful collection of pressed flowers." She—"Yes, but I lack one variety." He—"What is that, pray? Perhaps I can secure it for you." She—"Orange blossoms."

—"I feel like a queen—and you all are my pages," said the popular girl to the group of dudes surrounding her. "Nearly enough to make a blank-book," remarked her envious rival. — Harper's Bazar.

—As They Say It in Boston.—Miss Washburn—"This is a 'measly' hotel, isn't it?" Miss Hubb—"It does partake of the characteristics of a malady common in early childhood." — Brooklyn Eagle.

—That the ears of humanity are growing larger and their jaws growing less is but another illustration of the survival of the fittest. The man who keeps his ears open and his mouth shut is coming to the front. — Indianapolis Journal.

—A Last Resort.—"Do I think she would marry you? Well, no, I think not." Jack—"You must be jesting." Tom—"No, I am in earnest. You see she is only in her second season now. There is still hope for her." — Yankee Blade.

—Next to the one who will let you talk all the time about yourself, the most pleasing companion in this world is the one who will occupy all this time in telling you of good things that other people have said about you. — Somerville Journal.

—"Rose," said her mother, "you'll have to make that Mr. Golosh go home earlier." "It's not my fault, mamma."

—Is In— Editor—"What is the Editor's name?" Editor—"The Editor's name is 'The Editor.'"

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE SINGLE TAX WEDGE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VANCOUVER, B. C., August 31, 1891.—The single tax cause in British Columbia is by no means at a standstill, though seldom heard from; but on the contrary, is becoming a strong factor in shaping public opinion and influencing the provincial and municipal governments.

Indeed, during the present year our cause may be said to have gained some decided and signal victories, both in the legislature and in our various municipalities.

A year ago all the public lands at the disposal of the provincial government were withdrawn from sale, in consequence of the strong pressure brought to bear on the executive, resulting from the agitation showing how the public domain was being monopolized by mere speculators, thus checking the settlement and development of the country, producing general stagnation and dull times. The consequence was that at the last session of the provincial parliament, after a hard fight with the "moss-backs," an amended land act was passed with a clause changing the wild land tax from eight cents per acre to two per cent. ad valorem. As some of this wild land has become very valuable, though unimproved, the difference is no small one. The significant fact about this, is that the tax is not on the land as formerly, but on its value, and the reason of this is the provision in the act that the first step toward a total reversion of the land policy in this province and probably throughout the Dominion.

An important amendment has also been made to the pre-emption law. Before this act was passed, no one could get a deed for a pre-emption of 100 acres to employ an "agent" (generally Chinamen) to burn off a few acres, and then get two witnesses to swear in the application that \$80 worth of improvements had been done on the claim. The patent was then issued on payment of the tax on the improvements.

An act was also passed authorizing municipalities to levy a tax on land within their jurisdiction up to two and a half per cent, and permitting the taxing of improvements to be optional. Here, again, is the thin edge of the single tax wedge that before long will split and break up speculation in town lots, the curse of every city and village in this coast. As a result of this enactment, the municipalities of Surrey and Langley have already adopted the exemption of improvements from taxation, and as these two districts are chiefly agricultural, the farmers are to be congratulated for their clear-sightedness in taking this step in the important movement, and for knowing in which direction their best interests lie. It is only a question of a very little time when the taxing of improvements anywhere in British Columbia will be very much reduced or abolished altogether.

So far as this city is concerned, the influence of pronounced single taxers, and the growing body of those who dimly observe a glimmer